

THE FAIR.

THE FAIR STORE.

THE FAIR.

HERE'S WHERE DOLLARS BECOME ELASTIC. SEE 'EM STRETCH.

We hardly mention prices; you can hear 'em whistle a mile away. They'll make a foghorn fall asleep.

Free Tickets for an Excursion up Prosperity's River.

That's what we offer at our store. Everything sparkles with newness and stability. Our's are staple goods, and as a stout argument just compare the quality and prices of our DRY GOODS, LADIES' CLOAKS AND JACKETS, HATS, CAPS, GLOVES, MITTENS, BOOTS AND SHOES again same quality and prices at other places. This will tell the story. You will then know who is your friend. We believe in doing a straight legitimate business—a fair living profit on all goods. We do not do as some do, give you some one article for almost nothing and more than double the true value of some other article. This is not business. It has been and ever will be our earnest determined ambition to sell only the MOST TRUSTWORTHY MERCHANDISE obtainable at the ABSOLUTE LOWEST CASH PRICE that the PEERLESS BUYING POWER can make possible. The fundamental principle of this institution is to cheerfully refund money on every purchase where dissatisfaction, however small, may exist. IT IS AN OPEN SECRET that a child can buy as cheap as an old and experienced buyer. We take no advantage of those who are not a judge of goods. Thanking you for past patronage and hoping that we share a portion of your future trade, we remain,

RICHARDS BROS.

THE FAIR.

RICHARDS BROS.

(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.)

prehending in the least what he would be at.

"Yes. You believed, I dare say, some stupid or malignant story about me. Oh, Katherine, how could you?" and he almost broke down, "how could you? I ought not to have come here at all, but I resolved that at whatever pain to you and to me I would have from you the reason for your conduct."

Suddenly the door was thrown open, and the footman announced "Mr. Louis Alan."

Louis Alan entered the room with an expression of fatuous self-satisfaction on his old young face. Graham had drawn back, and the smiling, self-satisfied Alan saw no one but Katherine.

"I have come," he said in dulcet tones—"I have come at your bidding, my Katherine! I may venture to call you mine, may I not?" Then, as he was about to take her hand and she was drawing back from him quite amazed and alarmed, his eyes fell on Graham Welwyn.

"Oh, I beg pardon, I am sure," he said. "I—I did not know you had visitors."

"So far as I am concerned," Graham said with truly tragic dignity, "it does not matter to me. You have asked this lady if you may call her yours. So far as I am concerned, you may."

He was turning to stalk out of the room with the solemn grandeur of a Ravenswood leaving forever the hall in which he saw for the last time the woman he believed to be faithful.

"Stop!" Katherine exclaimed—"stop, Graham, I insist upon it! Are you both going mad?" Then a wild cry of gossamer seemed to flash upon her, and she turned to Alan and asked rather fiercely: "Why did you come here, Mr. Alan?"

"Because you told me to come," he answered, with a tremulous bewilderment—"you told me you would give me a welcome."

"I told you to come? Why I told you expressly not to come—not to come!"

"Oh, I say, look here," he began to say, but she cut him short.

"Graham, what did I tell you in my letter?"

"You forbade me to come to see you any more," he said in funeral tones.

Then Katherine looked from one to the other, and then—she could not help it, she could not control herself—she burst into a peal of laughter. Again and

CRISSE-CROSS LOVE.

By GRANT ALLEN.

(Copyright, 1895, by Grant Allen.)

CHAPTER I.

They were simply heartbroken. Yes, I repeat it, heartbroken. No diamond cement that ever was made sufficed to repair the injured organs. For when Philip Gilman left London to go out to India he cried his eyes red over his sad farewells to Aggie Oswald. They were in love with one another—madly in love—as boys and girls will be, with that unalterable affection which endures for eternity—or, to be more precisely mathematical, for six months at least, on an average computation. Philip had been placed third in the India civil competition, and the boundless prospective wealth which that position promises (in depreciated rupees) he proceeded forthwith to lay at the feet of pretty little Aggie. And no wonder he did so, for she was as airy, fairy a little butterfly as ever flitted through a ball-room among admiring lads of one and twenty. Everybody who saw her felt a victim at once to that fluffy brown hair and that arch little smile of hers. No Oxford undergraduate was ever known to resist that tripping tongue; no subaltern at Aldershot was ever known to withstand the winning grace of those pinky white cheeks and those cherry red lips of Aggie Oswald.

But Philip Gilman was the hero who bore off the prize. What wonder, when he could make love to her in Tamil and Telugu almost as fluently as in English itself? Not that Aggie understood one word of either of those learned tongues—a little bad French bounded the tale of her linguistic accomplishments—but the glamour of them shone through to her from his thoughtful brown eyes, which spoke a language universally understood. He was a clever fellow, Philip, and an earnest one into the bargain, and if he thought himself desperately in love with the pretty fluffy hair and the laughing mouth, why, many a good man has made the same sort of mistake at one and twenty. We were one and twenty ourselves once, you and I, though it's a long time since, and were the girls we then thought we could never be happy without the same as those with whom we finally decided upon passing a mundane existence together? I trow not, if I recollect it aright; our hearts got broken—and very decently mended again—some half dozen times before we were 30.

Well, the night before Philip left London he spent at the Oswalds', as in duty bound, and even that evening of chaperone, little Aggie's mamma, under those special circumstances, left them alone in the drawing room for a couple of hours of agonized leave-taking. Philip was particularly certain as to their plans for the future.

"I shall save up every anna, Aggie," he said—he spoke of annas familiarly, instead of speaking of farthings, in order to give a touch of local color and to prove his minute acquaintance with that India he had never yet seen—"I shall save up every anna, Aggie, till I'm able to send home for you to come out and marry me, and when I've got enough to do it you'll fly across the sea to me like a swallow flying home—won't you, my darling?"

Aggie laid the fluffy head very trustingly on the future vicar's shoulder—she knew he would never stop till he was at least a vicar.

"Of course I'll come to you, dearest," she answered. "I shall count every minute of the time till you send for me. But will it be very, very long, do you think? How soon do you suppose you'll be in a position to marry, Philip?"

Phil stroked his struggling mustache (you could see it distinctly with a powerful pocket lens) and assumed an air of adult and manly wisdom.

"Oh, not so very long, Aggie," he replied quite airily, "five or six years at the outside, I expect. I mean to get on and to save every anna."

Not for worlds would he have consented to state the fact on such a night as that in mere commonplace penance. Aggie's cherry red mouth pursed itself up into something very like a pretty little pout—only much more alluring.

"Five or six years!" she cried, alarmed. "That's an awfully long time, Philip! I wish it wasn't so long. I can't bear to do without you."

"But you can wait for me, darling," Phil cried, with a loving look into those liquid hazel eyes. "You can wait for me, can't you? Only five or six years! And I would wait an eternity."

Five years rolled on, and Philip Gilman prospered. He wasn't quite a vicar, to be sure, but he was a deputy collector. Not a man in the Deccan got on better than he did. His excellency was pleased more than once in that short time to promote Mr. Philip Gilman to successive posts in successively dreary up-country districts. Phil saved and scraped, and all for Aggie. At the end of five years, with his own little income and his rising pay, he began to feel himself in a position to think about marrying. He would send home for Aggie now and ask her to come out to him. He could reckon that long standing pledge and make himself and her happy.

Five years had rolled on, but they had rolled on (as observant souls may often note to be the case) by one day at a time, through 12 months of each year, in long, slow regularity. Now, all those months Phil Gilman had written by every mail to Aggie, and by every mail he had heard in return from Aggie again. At first he had sat down to write each time with ardent affection. He had torn open Aggie's letters, when they came, with eager expectancy. But as months passed by and he never saw Aggie, this first flush of young love began to die away imperceptibly, until at last, almost without knowing it himself, he sat down so many times a week to write his budget as a pure matter of duty. Sometimes it rather worried him to have to find something fresh to say to Aggie; he wrote, not so much because he wanted to write, as because he knew Aggie would be disappointed not to get a letter. And so she would have been, indeed; she would have cried very bitterly that Phil should have neglected her. Phil was always so punctual; what could be the meaning of this delay?

It was possible that Phil, dear Phil, was forgetting her?

There's a vast deal of difference, however, between 21 and 26. For those five long years Phil had saved every penny (he said penny quite naturally now, annas having grown only too common and unclean to him), and at the end of that time, when he began to think to himself he might now send home for his beloved Aggie—why, a strange sort of discovery broke suddenly over him. Great heavens! What was this? Was he overjoyed at the prospect? Did he hail with effusion the advent of that long wished-for, that much desired, day? Was he half mad with delight, half wild with expectancy? If the truth must be told—oh, dear me, not a bit of it! It occurred to him all at once that for the last two years or thereabout he had been saving and writing not for pure, pure love, but by mere force of habit. The original flame had died down, the original impulse had worn itself out, and now, in their place, strange, critical doubts and fears obtruded all unawares their unwelcome faces.

Did he really love Aggie quite as well as he used to do? Did Aggie really love him quite as well as she once said she did? Had they two changed much in those five years of absence? Would Aggie's fluffy hair be quite as entrancing and as entrant as ever? Would Aggie's simplicity be as engaging as of old? Or, again, let him see; she was 18 then; would there be any simplicity left at all at 23, he wondered. Looking at the matter philosophically (and Indian civil servants are ex officio philosophers—they're part of the examination), he saw for himself that they were both five years older, and five years might have made a deal of difference to both of them. Each might have developed, and each might now take a fresh view of the situation and of the other. Objectively Aggie might be somebody else; subjectively, he himself might think quite differently of her. Now, when a man begins to talk of object and subject in these matters at all, you may be perfectly sure the fish of love's young dream is pretty well over with him. We certainly don't philosophize in the first flush of rapture. Phil Gilman realized all at once that love's young dream was well over with himself; he was aware that the idea of Aggie's arrival in India awakened within him, not transports, nor even calm joy, but a certain languid curiosity as to what she would look like and how he would feel

Nevertheless, mind you, Phil Gilman was a man of honor. He stuck to his guns. He hadn't the slightest idea of going back upon his word or even of letting poor Aggie herself doubt the depth of his affection for her. Perhaps this was wrong—who knows? Perhaps the wisest thing, after all, for a man to do in such a case is just to make a clean breast of it, rather than involve himself and the girl he once loved in a marriage that may prove unhappy for both of them. But at any rate Phil Gilman didn't think so, and somehow, do you know, I feel as if any man of honor in Phil Gilman's place would have acted just as he did. There's something so horribly cold blooded in telling a girl who has waited five years for you that you really don't know whether you love her any longer or not that only a very brutal man, I fancy, could ever consent to do it. It may be wise to act like that, no doubt, but there are qualities, after all, more to be prized than wisdom. I wouldn't give twopenny myself, dear friends, for a young man so wise as all that comes to.

So, after a brief mental struggle, Phil wrote to Aggie as impassioned a letter as he could easily pump out—best epistolary fashion—to say that now at last

the desire of their hearts for so many years was to be fully gratified, and they were to meet once more and be happy forever. To be sure, when the letter was finished, Phil read it over once or twice, leaning back in his bungalow lounge, with a critically dissatisfied air. Its ardor seemed rather wanting in spontaneity, he fancied. It had no longer the genuine impassioned ring of four or five years ago. But what would you have? If one can't quite rise to the height of such an occasion or one's own mere motion, one must try to gush gently, for the lady's sake alone, with literary aptitude. A man would be hardly a whole man, Phil supposed, if he consented to let a woman see he had begun to forget her.

However, what the letter lacked in loverlike ardor it fully made up in businesslike definiteness. The Oswalds were poor; they could hardly have afforded to send Aggie out to him. So Phil had arranged for all that—arranged for it generously. He inclosed a check for a most substantial amount. He hoped it would suffice to pay Aggie's passage and begged to be permitted to set her up in a proper Indian outfit. She was to meet him in Bombay, where she could stop at the house of a common friend (I don't say "mutual," a much more sensible word, between you and me, because some silly, superfine people raise microscopic etymological objections), and there she was to be married a day or two after landing. Phil flattered himself that his check was a tolerably expensive one. If he didn't love Aggie quite as devotedly as he used to do, at least she should never discover the change by pecuniary symptoms.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Dr. Sawyer—Dear Sir: I can say with pleasure that I have been using your medicine, and will recommend it to all suffering ladies. Mrs. W. W. Weatherhead, Augusta, Ga. Sold by F. H. Longley.

That Oklahoma girl who became a horse thief out of love for adventure finds that the romance has all vanished now that her incarceration in a reformatory is an accomplished fact.

Pale, thin, bloodless people should use Dr. Sawyer's Urtine. It is the greatest remedy in the world for making the weak strong. For sale by F. H. Longley.

Flogging as a punishment for girls is what the London school board wants to introduce into the industrial schools. A short time ago it was considering the advisability of turning out the school teachers who did not agree with its theories of religious instruction.

Children with pale, bluish complexions, indicating the absence of the regular red globules in the blood should take Dr. Sawyer's Urtine. For sale by F. H. Longley.

A Parisian had the remains of his brother cremated. The ashes were put in a leather bag and sent by rail to the brother's home. The bag was mislaid, and suit has been instituted by the brother against the railroad company for the value of the dead man's ashes.

Pale, thin, bloodless people should use Dr. Sawyer's Urtine. It is the greatest remedy in the world for making the weak strong. For sale by F. H. Longley.

Senator Jones of Arkansas is according to a report, destined to become a millionaire as a reward for his patience and faith in an eccentric and penniless inventor named Graves of Arkansas, whom he has befriended. Graves invented what experts declare is a marvelous machine for belaire cotton.

Dr. A. F. Sawyer—Sir: After suffering four years with female weakness I was persuaded by a friend to try your Pastilles, and after taking them for one year, I can say I am entirely well. I cannot recommend them too highly. Mrs. M. S. Brock, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sold by F. H. Longley.

Dr. A. F. Sawyer—Dear Sir: I have been suffering with sick headache for a long time. I used your Family Cure and now am entirely relieved. I would not do without your medicine. Mrs. G. A. Miller. Sold by F. H. Longley.

ALL COMPETITION DISTANCED.

"The Overland Limited," a New Train Chicago to San Francisco.

The fastest train in the world, distance considered, will run via the Union Pacific System.

Commencing Nov. 17th, the Union Pacific will run a through train daily from Council Bluffs to San Francisco and Los Angeles, making the run of 1,864 miles in sixty hours and thirty-five minutes.

This train will leave Omaha, 8:10 A. M.; Ogden, 12:30 P. M. next day; San Francisco, 8:45 P. M. second day, and Los Angeles, 10:00 A. M. the third day, carrying through Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Car to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Be sure and ask for tickets via "The Overland Route."

E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Dr. A. F. Sawyer—I have had Rheumatism since I was 20 years old, but since using your Family Cure have been free from it. It also cured my husband of the same disease. Mrs. Robt. Connelly, Brooklyn, Iowa. Sold by F. H. Longley.

U. P. TIME CARD.

Taking effect November 17th, 1895.

EAST BOUND—Western Time.

No. 1. Fast Mail. Leaves Omaha 9:00 a. m. No. 2. Atlantic Express. " 11:59 a. m. No. 4. Local Passenger. " 6:30 a. m. No. 18. Freight. " 7:10 a. m.

WEST BOUND—Western Time.

No. 1. Limited. Leaves Omaha 2:30 p. m. No. 2. Fast Mail. " 11:05 p. m. No. 17. Freight. " 1:50 p. m. No. 19. Freight. " 8:00 a. m. No. 3. Local Passenger arrives. " 8:00 p. m. N. B. OLDS, Agent.

FRENCH & BALDWIN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Office over N. P. Nat. Bank.

GRIMES & WILCOX, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Office over North Platte National Bank.

D. R. F. DONALDSON, Assistant Surgeon Union Pacific Railroad and Member of Pension Board, NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Office over Straits's Drug Store.

A. P. KITTELL, F. H. BENSON, Kittell & Benson, IRRIGATION ENGINEERS.

Prospective schemes investigated. Unprofitable schemes rejuvenated. Surveys, Maps, Estimates and reports made, and construction superintended.

Office in North Platte, North Platte, Neb. National Bank Bldg.

SMOKERS

In search of a good cigar will always find it at J. F. Schmalzried's. Try them and judge.

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named.

1-Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations. 25¢ 2-Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic. 25¢ 3-Headache, Cold, Crying, Wakefulness. 25¢ 4-Diarrhoea, of Children or Adults. 25¢ 5-Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis. 25¢ 6-Neuralgia, Toothache, Faciache. 25¢ 7-Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo. 25¢ 8-Dyspepsia, Bile, Constipation. 25¢ 9-Suppressed or Painful Periods. 25¢ 10-Whites, Too Profuse Periods. 25¢ 11-Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness. 25¢ 12-Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Eruptions. 25¢ 13-Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains. 25¢ 14-Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague. 25¢ 15-Catarrh, Indigestion, Cold in the Head. 25¢ 16-Whooping Cough. 25¢ 17-Kidney Diseases. 25¢ 18-Nervous Debility. 25¢ 19-Urinary Weakness. 25¢ 20-Sore Throat, Quinsy, Ulcerated Throat. 25¢ 21-Dr. HUMPHREYS' NEW SPECIFIC FOR GRIP, 25¢.

Put up in small bottles of pleasant pills, just fit your pocket.

Sold by Druggists, or sent direct, by mail, on receipt of price. Dr. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS, 115 N. 14th Street, NEW YORK.

NEW SPECIFIC FOR GRIP, 25¢.

Put up in small bottles of pleasant pills, just fit your pocket.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me this 6th day of December, A. D. 1895.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo O. Sold by Druggists, 75 c.

Dr. A. F. Sawyer—Dear Sir: I have been suffering with sick headache for a long time. I used your Family Cure and now am entirely relieved. I would not do without your medicine. Mrs. G. A. Miller. Sold by F. H. Longley.

ALL COMPETITION DISTANCED.

"The Overland Limited," a New Train Chicago to San Francisco.

The fastest train in the world, distance considered, will run via the Union Pacific System.

Commencing Nov. 17th, the Union Pacific will run a through train daily from Council Bluffs to San Francisco and Los Angeles, making the run of 1,864 miles in sixty hours and thirty-five minutes.

This train will leave Omaha, 8:10 A. M.; Ogden, 12:30 P. M. next day; San Francisco, 8:45 P. M. second day, and Los Angeles, 10:00 A. M. the third day, carrying through Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Car to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Be sure and ask for tickets via "The Overland Route."

E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Dr. A. F. Sawyer—I have had Rheumatism since I was 20 years old, but since using your Family Cure have been free from it. It also cured my husband of the same disease. Mrs. Robt. Connelly, Brooklyn, Iowa. Sold by F. H. Longley.

U. P. TIME CARD.

Taking effect November 17th, 1895.

EAST BOUND—Western Time.

No. 1. Fast Mail. Leaves Omaha 9:00 a. m. No. 2. Atlantic Express. " 11:59 a. m. No. 4. Local Passenger. " 6:30 a. m. No. 18. Freight. " 7:10 a. m.

WEST BOUND—Western Time.

No. 1. Limited. Leaves Omaha 2:30 p. m. No. 2. Fast Mail. " 11:05 p. m. No. 17. Freight. " 1:50 p. m. No. 19. Freight. " 8:00 a. m. No. 3. Local Passenger arrives. " 8:00 p. m. N. B. OLDS, Agent.

FRENCH & BALDWIN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Office over N. P. Nat. Bank.

GRIMES & WILCOX, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Office over North Platte National Bank.

D. R. F. DONALDSON, Assistant Surgeon Union Pacific Railroad and Member of Pension Board, NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Office over Straits's Drug Store.

A. P. KITTELL, F. H. BENSON, Kittell & Benson, IRRIGATION ENGINEERS.

Prospective schemes investigated. Unprofitable schemes rejuvenated. Surveys, Maps, Estimates and reports made, and construction superintended.

Office in North Platte, North Platte, Neb. National Bank Bldg.

SMOKERS

In search of a good cigar will always find it at J. F. Schmalzried's. Try them and judge.

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS

C. F. IDDGINS,

LUMBER, COAL

AND GRAIN.

Order by telephone from Newton's Book Store.

Restaurant AND Bakery.

ORMSBY BLOCK, FRONT ST.

Mrs. Jennie Armstrong, Prop.

Regular Meals, Short Order Meals, Lunch Counter.

Oysters served in all styles. Home-made Bread, Cakes and Pies a specialty.

Your patronage respectfully solicited. MRS. JENNIE ARMSTRONG.

CLAUDE WEINGAND, DEALER IN

Coal Oil, Gasoline, Crude Petroleum and Coal Gas Tar.

Leave orders at Newton's Store.

GEO. NAUMAN'S, SIXTH STREET

MEAT MARKET.

Meats at wholesale and retail. Fish and Game in season. Sausage at all times. Cash paid for Hides.

E. B. WARNER, Funeral Director.

AND EMBALMER.

A full line of first-class funeral supplies always in stock.

NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA. Telegraph orders promptly attended to.

How are Your Wheels?

Not those in your hand, but almost any other variety. If they are not working smoothly then they are in want of repair.

In this Age of Wheels

the fellow who does not take good care of his machine gets left because he is not right in the race of life.

LeMaster the Locksmith

does the best wheel work west of Kearney. He also does repairing of any kind of machinery, from a watch to a threshing machine.

His Prices are Right.

Don't forget the number—207 E. Sixth.

SPECIALS.



Louis Alan entered the room, again the peal of laughter was renewed while the two men stood, now glaring at each other and gazing now at her as she shook with laughter.

"Oh, it is too ridiculous!" was all that she could say for awhile.

"Really, Miss Shirley," Louis Alan began, in sniggering remonstrance.

"Really, Katherine," Graham began, in the true Ravenswood tone—"Oh, Graham, don't you see?" she managed at last to say.

"See! See what?"

"Don't you remember what we were talking about yesterday?"

"I remember nothing that has much bearing on your conduct of today."

"Oh, you goose—you great—great goose. Can't you guess? Don't you see? I put the letters into the wrong envelope! I was in such a hurry. I was so pressed for time, and you yourself with your story put the idea, I suppose, unconsciously into my head—and I didn't know what I was doing—and, Mr. Alan, I am sorry to have given you the trouble to come here today for nothing—and if you, gentlemen, will kindly exchange letters everything will be made clear—and, oh, Graham—my Graham, how could you ever mistrust me?"

"Even with your own handwriting to bear witness against you?" he asked in all the tenderness of a reassured lover.

"Even with 20 handwritings to bear witness against me. Why didn't you come and ask me?"

"You see I have come!"

"Yes, but you came in unbelief and not in faith. Never mind—I forgive you—but I'll never again write letters without putting names inside!"

